

# Votum, Away

□ dopóki nie zostanie □ nic prócz kupki mięsa z obnażonymi nerwami; nerwami, które jak napięte s  
□ until all that is left □ is but a heap of flesh, with nerves bare and open, resounding each melody a  
E. von Salomon

Away, she says, out of this place  
Everythings better than here and now,  
Tired of endlessly trying to prove  
That she could cope with what gets her down.  
Each day she takes a look, peers out through the wall  
And dreams of outer space, whispering  
I dont want to be here anymore  
And the fields of green disappear, her eyes shut.  
Somewhere, somewhere  
Theres a secret garden where they wont find us  
Somewhere, somewhere  
Theres a secret garden where we belong  
I understand, I feel this too,  
And sometimes I want out, but prowl up this river somehow  
Try to face the fear under your skin  
Of how long can you fight,  
Knowing that all you get is the sense of losing?  
She runs, she runs, she runs